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Allegiances

[image]

***WindClan*:**
Leader:
Stormstar, a lithe blue-grey tom.
Deputy:
Grassheart, a light brown she-cat.
Medicine Cat:
Shadesong, a dark grey she-cat.
Warriors:
(Moor-runners)
Whitepelt, a skinny white tom.
Apprentice, Sandpaw.
Rabbitear, a dark tabby tom.
Stripetail, a silvery tom.
Apprentice, Heatherpaw.
Leafmuzzle, a brown she-cat.
Snakefang, a white-and-black tom.
Ambergaze, a reddish she-cat.
(Tunnelers)
Strikeclaw, a dark grey tabby tom.
Russetfeather, a dark red she-cat.
Spottedpelt, a golden spotted she-cat.
Apprentice, Breezepaw.
Apprentices:
Sandpaw, a pale ginger tom with blue eyes.
Heatherpaw, a pale brown tabby she-cat.
Breezepaw, a blind silvery she-cat with feathery markings.
Queens:
Cloudstorm, a pale grey she-cat. Mother to *Ravenkit* and *Nightkit.*
Elders:
Clawheart, an elderly smoky grey tom.
RiverClan
Leader:
Dawnstar, a white she-cat.
Deputy:

Rushfur, a black tom.
Medicine Cat:
Silvertail, a silver she-cat with feathery markings.
Apprentice, Streampaw.
Warriors:
Perchstream, a brown tabby she-cat.
Apprentice, Lilypaw.
Codfur, a dark grey tom.
Finnose, a dusty brown tom.
Icebreeze, a white tom.
Frostfeather, a silver tabby she-cat.
Rowanheart, a red-brown she-cat.
Apprentice, Mistlepaw.
Piketooth, a grey tom.
Shadowheart, a black she-cat.
Foxfoot, a ginger tom with an unusually long muzzle.
Apprentices:
Streampaw, a silver tom with black tabby stripes.
Lilypaw, a white she-cat.
Mistlepaw, a grey she-cat.
Queens:
Willowpool, a black she-cat. Mother to *Ripplekit, Troutkit* and *Mistkit.*
Elders:
Fishleap, a creamy white she-cat.

ShadowClan:
Leader:
Rainstar, a silver tom.
Deputy:
Reedfeather, a black tabby tom.
Medicine Cat:
Pinefur, a brown striped tom.
Dewdrop, a white she-cat.
Warriors:
Stonepelt, a dark grey tom.
Lionclaw, a golden tabby she-cat.
Apprentice, Frogpaw.
Deerpelt, a brown tom.
Mudnose, a dark brown tom.

Firefur, a ginger she-cat.
Apprentice, Darkpaw.
Appleheart, a red tabby she-cat.
Frostfoot, a white tom.
Stormclaw, a silver-grey tabby tom.
Apprentices:
Frogpaw, a yellow she-cat.
Darkpaw, a grey tom with black paws.
Queens:
Snowpelt, a white she-cat. Mother to *Featherkit.*
Lizardfang, a black she-cat. Mother to *Wolfkit.*
Elders:
Jayclaw, a blue-grey tom.
Ashsong, a grey she-cat.

ThunderClan:
Leader:
Sorrelstar, a golden tom.
Deputy:
Flamestrike, a ginger tom with a white belly and paws.
Medicine Cat:
Smokeshine, a pale grey she-cat.
Warriors:
Sandpelt, a pale brown tabby she-cat.
Apprentice, Flowerpaw.
Brackenstripe, a dark ginger tom.
Lightwing, a white she-cat.
Crowpelt, a dark grey she-cat.
Apprentice, Bluepaw.
Dustfur, a pale grey she-cat.
Whitetail, a white tom.
Sparrowleaf, a brown tom.
Ivystorm, a silver tabby she-cat.
Apprentice, Fernpaw.
Apprentices:
Flowerpaw, a pale brown she-cat.
Bluepaw, a silver-blue tabby tom.
Fernpaw, a grey she-cat.
Queens:
Daisynose, a golden she-cat expecting Brackenstripe's kits.

Elders:
Beesting, a tortoiseshell she-cat.

SkyClan:
Leader:
Birdstar, a black she-cat.
Deputy:
Hailstorm, a grey tom.
Medicine Cat:
Sunfall, a yellow tom.
Apprentice, Hazelpaw.
Warriors:
Goldenwing, a golden she-cat.
Frostclaw, a white tom.
Tigerstripe, a dark tabby tom.
Apprentice, Amberpaw.
Brownstripe, a brown tabby tom.
Greenpine, a white she-cat.
Longtooth, a grey she-cat which unusually long teeth.
Greystone, a grey tom.
Seedclaw, a pale brown she-cat.
Apprentice, Vinepaw.
Apprentices:
Hazelpaw, a brown tabby she-cat with a white belly, muzzle and paws.
Amberpaw, a dark ginger tom.
Vinepaw, a silver she-cat.
Queens:
Russetstripe, a red she-cat. Mother to *Volekit, Deerkit* and *Moorkit*.
Berryfur, a white she-cat. Expecting Greystone's kits.
Elders:
Echowing, a silver she-cat.

Author's Note: Check out Russetstripe of SkyClan's kits. On a completely unrelated note, have you tried combining their prefixes together?

Prologue

Shadesong of WindClan padded alongside her fellow medicine cats through the dark, winding tunnels of Mothermouth. By now she had memorized the complex patterns of the path to the Moonstone, the sacred place where cats had shared dreams with their warrior ancestors, StarClan, for seasons upon seasons. She shivered, feeling the dank air wrap around her. It was so unnaturally still compared to the never-ending wind of the moor. If StarClan had not set her paws on the path of a medicine cat, she was certain that she would have become a moor-runner. How tunnelers could stand being underground, she would never know.

She followed the yellow tip of Sunfall's tail, the golden SkyClan cat nudging Hazelpaw, her new apprentice. The young cat's fur was pricked, fear-scent coming off her in waves. The cats walked deeper underground, twisting and turning in the darkness until they turned a corner - *and saw the Moonstone.* Shining white from the light of the moon, glittering like starlight, it amazed Shadesong even now, after many moons of being a medicine cat.

"Put your nose to the stone," she heard Sunfall mutter to Hazelpaw, "And let StarClan guide you."
Shadesong moved to her usual position, touching her muzzle to the base of the Moonstone. She felt the familiar rising feeling of appearing in StarClan's hunting grounds, purring as she saw her old mentor Berryheart among the cats gathered around her.

"Berryheart!" She exclaimed. "Good to see you."
Berryheart nodded to her. "Shadesong." She acknowledged.
Shadesong couldn't help but notice that the tip of Berryheart's tail was twitching nervously. Worry welled up in her like blood from a wound. "Is everything alright? Is the Clan in danger?"

Berryheart turned her solemn green eyes on Shadesong's yellow gaze. "I have received a prophecy." she said finally.

Shadesong's fur bristled. Prophecies were only given in the darkest

of times!

Berryheart began slowly.
"Beware the bird of night, or else darkness will be carried on the breeze. Only the spilling of blood will disperse the mists of leafbare. Beware the bird of night! *Beware the raven!*"

Chapter 1

Cloudstorm yowled in pain and fear as sharp, searing aches burned through her body. The sickly, metallic smell of blood filled the queen's hollow, only populated by Cloudstorm, her unborn kits and the medicine cat Shadesong. After what felt like moons, she felt the spasms ease. *Thank StarClan.* How in the name of the Clans did cats manage having more than one litter? This faded as she looked down at her kits. Both were unsightly, blood-covered furballs and yet she loved every mousetail of them. Not that there were mousetails of them...
Both had Strikeclaw's dark pelts, she realized with a purr, but one had her pale grey underbelly and paws.

"What will you name them?" Shadesong prompted. Cloudstorm jolted, having forgot about the medicine cat's presence while with her kits.

She nosed the one with a pale underbelly gently. "This one will be Nightkit,"she murmured softly, "and this one Ravenkit."

As she spoke , Shadesong jerked back sharply, jaws wide in a silent wail of horror. "That cat will bring darkness to WindClan!" she cried. "Ravenkit must ***never*** become a warrior!"

And Ambergaze, known to all Clans as a terrible gossip, padded out from behind a gorse bush, amber eyes gleaming in success. The Clan would have to know.

Chapter 2

She noticed everything. She was different; the Clan tried to hide it, but she noticed the stares, the whispers. Truth be told, she wasn't much to look at; black fur, amber eyes and a slightly lopsided jaw.

Ravenpaw was different. Born to Cloudstorm and Strikeclaw, her littermate Nightkit had died from a nasty case of greencough that had struck the camp. The Clan, as always, blamed her. She was apprenticed to Russetfeather and had trained to be a tunneler for a moon now. Other cats avoided her; her only friend was Breezepaw, a silvery she-cat. Breezepaw knew what it was like to be different, as she was blind.

This wouldn't hinder her in her warrior training, though, thought Ravenpaw. One didn't need sight in the tunnels. With the cool earth brushing against their pelts, comforting darkness surrounding them, all they needed were their whiskers, good hearing and great speed - something that all WindClan cats possessed.

She was different, in that she could not hunt very well due to her lopsided jaw. Battle training was difficult, too - she was mediocre at best. For some strange reason, Shadesong had often tried to convince Ravenpaw to become a medicine cat, despite the fact that her jaw would make it almost impossible to chew herbs properly.

"-venpaw. Ravenpaw!" Breezepaw's soft, lilting voice wove its way through the thick, heavy fog of thought, bringing Ravenpaw up from the clutches of near-sleep. She got to her paws, grumbling as she did so. Breezepaw stood nearby, feathery markings rippling on her silver pelt. Her blank, blind eyes stared dreamily at Ravenpaw, somehow managing to see straight through her, into her spirit. "We're late for patrol. It's long past sunrise."

Ravenpaw padded past her. "I don't know *how* you manage to tell where the sun is without asking any cat." she mewed. Breezepaw just *knew* things instinctively. "Perhaps you should become a medicine cat, with how much you know."

Breezepaw stopped, looking up at the pale sky through a blue haze. "Perhaps, in another lifetime, I would be." She murmered softly. "Perhaps in another Clan, another time, another world. But not this one. I need not be a grumpy half-Clan medicine cat, made so because of blindness."

Ravenpaw blinked in confusion. Which cat had said anything about grumpiness, or a half-Clan cat? Sometimes Breezepaw could be that way. She dismissed it, and chose a small hare from the fresh-kill pile. Ravenpaw finished it quickly before following Spottedpelt into the tunnels.

Author's Note: Yes, Breezepaw has the power to see into canon. I write her like I do Luna Lovegood, and it confuses me.

Chapter 3

"Are you a kit, Ravenpaw? A blind rabbit could do better than you!" Ravenpaw hadn't known that she had so many muscles until today. Every part of her ached - and how could *fur ache?* Russetfeather had been brutal, relentlessly attacking Ravenpaw without letting her defend herself. Nevertheless, Ravenpaw couldn't bring herself to resent Russetfeather for it. She was used to being treated unfairly, and, in the end, it would strengthen her.

Ravenpaw attempted the move again. The Rear-up to Slash was difficult, and as she rose on her two hind legs she knew immediately that it was, yet again, incorrect. She fell backwards, imbalanced by the lack of two paws.

"What am I doing wrong?" she wailed, despairing. Next to her, Sandpaw completed the move perfectly, blue eyes gleaming as Whitepelt, his mentor, praised him. Sandpaw was three moons older than her and had learned it at her age, too. Whitepelt had thought it would encourage her to have a cat near her age helping her, but the elderly tom was incorrect on this matter. It only made the crushing self-hatred worse.

Russetfeather snapped at her. "Ravenpaw, only a kittypet would complain so much. You are a warrior apprentice, and I will not stand for you embarrassing me like this!"

Ravenpaw's ears flattened against her head in shame. "Sorry." she mewed weakly. "I'm so sorry."

She didn't master the move. She never came close.

Ravenpaw curled up in her nest that night, wishing to become a great warrior. Her prayers were answered, though not by StarClan.

She woke in a field of heather, windswept and sunny. It all looked

perfectly normal, except for the fact that the sky was pure white.

"Welcome, Ravenpaw."

Ravenpaw almost leaped out of her fur in shock. A silver-blue tabby tom sat behind her, bushy tail twitching in anticipation.

"Wh-who are you?" she mewed, hating herself for stumbling.

The tom looked surprised at her forwardness. "Me? Oh, I'm, ah - I'm an ancestor of yours."

Ravenpaw felt her heart beat faster in joy. "Are you a StarClan cat?" she asked in awe. "I've never met a StarClan cat."

The silver cat curled his tail around his paws in content. "Something like that. Anyway, you need help with battle moves?"
Was she going to be mentored by StarClan?!

"Yes, especially the Rear-up to Slash. I just keep falling!"

The tom nodded to her. "Yes, it's usually rather difficult to balance. I find that you must use your tail, like this." He leaped into the air on two hind legs, clawing at the air. Ravenpaw's eyes widened at the sight of his muscles rippling beneath his pelt. *This cat must have fought in a lot of battles before he died*, she thought.

The tom led her through the move, praising her for her hard work. Then, after what felt like days, she was able to complete the Rear-up to Slash perfectly.

At one point, the tom had paused for a moment to ask, "Why do you not hate WindClan? They have wronged you greatly."

"I know my Clanmates don't like me, but I could never hate them. At least, not until they've *really* hurt me." Ravenpaw confessed

The strange cat tilted his head in thought. "And if they did?" he asked, perfectly serious.
She took a deep breath. "I don't know." she meowed, but even to her own ears it didn't sound like the truth.

They sparred a bit more, before-
"I've got to go." The tom mewed. "Remember to keep practicing!"
He began to fade from sight, padding away from her.
"Wait - what's your name?" Ravenpaw asked desperately.

The tom turned to her. "My name is Coldmist."

Coldmist.

Two cats sat in a dark, stinking forest.
"How is she, Coldmist?" asked a white tom.
Coldmist's ice-blue eyes glittered in victory. "She is perfect, Maggottail. Ostracized by her Clanmates, she begs for praise like a lost kitten. The Place Of No Stars will prevail, if I can turn her against those who have wronged her. Already, I have placed doubt in her mind. The Clans will fall!"

Chapter 4

Ravenpaw had changed. She didn't know how exactly, but when she looked at her Clanmates she felt an anger that surely couldn't be hers. After all, she was prophesied to destroy them, to bring darkness to WindClan. She couldn't really resent them for hating her. She did too.
"***Why can't it be mine?"*** A voice in her head whispered. ***"Why can't it be my anger? They have wronged me. They have pushed me aside. Coldmist was right. If StarClan wills it to be so, then who am I to stop them? I choose my destiny, not the cats around me."***

I can't just- she began, before the voice cut her off again. ***"I can. They think that I am a mere apprentice, a pawn to their games. But I am strong to have resisted their taunts for so long, and strong I will remain. They are weak. They hide beneath pitiful numbers, an entire Clan against one. I'm sick of being constantly denied a chance at greatness. They do not see me for who I truly am now, but soon they will. Only the strong survive!"***

Yes, she thought. *Yes*.

Breezepaw had known of Ravenpaw's chhange of heart. "The broken to rise, shattered soul drawing blood, gleaming scarlet." She had said while they were patrolling the tunnels one day. "Blood like a second skin, pouring from a murderer's paws. Bloodied claws, gleaming in the moonlight. Face a mask of red, licking it from their fur, bloody teeth glinting, eyes gleaming with satisfaction."

It had sounded like a prophecy. It was probably meant to.
But Breezepaw had promised to stand by her, no matter what choice she picked.
"I must pledge my allegiance sometime." she had mewed airily. "Why not swear fealty now?"

And *then* had she became slightly unnerving.

"But first we must recruit the kits! Especially Russetstripe's, as they're named after a villain anyway."

"*What?"*

*"*We're recruiting for your Dark Army, aren't we?" she'd asked in false innocence.

Ravenpaw leveled her with an unimpressed look. "Oh, put a rabbit in it. But who in StarClan's name is Russetstripe?"

Breezepaw had purred in amusement. "A SkyClan queen, mother to Voldemortkit. They're nearly apprentices now."

"That is a very strange name; was their father a rogue?"

"Volekit, Deerkit and Moorkit are their names. The father is Hailstorm, the SkyClan deputy and littermate to their medicine cat. That's a lot of power for ones so young. The Clan will place a great burden on their shoulders. And when they fall to the river, you will be there to teach them to swim."

"I - *what?* I'm not going to manipulate cats, and I'm not evil, Breezepaw!"

The silver she-cat didn't seem to get the hint. "When you take over the Clans, can you eliminate ThunderClan? They have too much power and far too many cats in further arcs."

Well then.

Author's Note: The voice in bold in Ravenpaw's head is Coldmist, pretending to be her conscience. We see that Dark Forest cats can speak in other cat's heads in Tigerclaw's Fury, where Mapleshade speaks to Tigerclaw. However, in this story, instead of seeming like another cat in Ravenpaw's head, Coldmist acts like he is her. He is much more cunning and manipulative than the DF cats in canon.

Chapter 5

Shadows crept over a heather-covered moorland, battered by the relentless wind. The darkness condensed into a bird, flying over the grass. As the bird's shadow swept from above, an icy mist settled over the ground, frost creeping in. All life withered and died. The stars, bright in the sky, faded, grasping at the frayed threads of life. Only one remained. It pulsed, emitting light, brighter than the moon, brighter than the sun. The world turned white, and an eerie voice echoed in the light.

"Beware the bird of night, for darkness is carried on the breeze. The mists of leafbare spread shadows, the seeds of doubt. Beware the bird of night! *Beware the* ***raven!***"

Shadesong sat up in her nest, heart beating frantically. The darkness had come.

A moon had passed, hanging in the night sky, bright and full. It was a misty night, frost coating the forest. The five leaders sat on the Great Rock, moonlight casting malevolent shadows over the Clans.

A broad-shouldered golden tom stepped forward. Ravenpaw noticed that the fur on his neck was prickling with anger.
"ThunderClan will speak first." Sorrelstar's deep voice echoed through Fourtrees. He turned his massive head towards Dawnstar, curling his lip at the other leader.
"RiverClan have tresspassed on ThunderClan territory!"

Outraged mews were hissed through the tide of RiverClan warriors, a surge of anger overpowering the tranquil Gathering. Dawnstar, however, appeared calm, the only sign that she was angered the slight narrowing of her eyes.
"What brings these accusations to RiverClan, Sorrelstar?" she asked, voice deceptively soft.

Sorrelstar snarled at her, spittle flying from his mouth. "RiverClan

warriors were scented at Sunningrocks. That is ThunderClan territory!"

Dawnstar's whiskers twitched in amusement. "You are mistaken, Sorrelstar." she meowed calmly. "Sunningrocks has always belonged to RiverClan. While it is true that we allowed ThunderClan to hunt there for a while, the time has come for RiverClan to reclaim our rightful territory."

Just when it looked like Sorrelstar would pounce on the RiverClan leader, a croaking mew came from a ShadowClan elder, Ashsong. "This battle has been going on for long before I was born," the grey she-cat yowled. "And each time a leader brings it up, needless bloodshed follows. Why not just split those StarClan-cursed rocks between you?"

The golden tom growled at her warningly. "And give more of my territory away?! You do not have a say in *my* Clan, *ShadowClan* cat!"

Ashsong remained unfazed. "I have survived more battles in my lifetime than the cats in your Clan, Sorrelstar. It would be wise of you to pay more respect to your elders! To my mind, you still have kit fluff behind your ears. For shame!" Ashsong reprimanded him sharply.

Sorrelstar hissed at the ShadowClan leader. "Rainstar, control your cats!"

The silver tom appeared exasperated. "Surely ThunderClan follows the Warrior Code, Sorrelstar. We must respect our elders."

Ravenpaw caught the gleam of unsheathed claws, Sorrelstar gritting his teeth in anger. "You *will* answer to me! I am *leader!"*

*"*Not *my* leader." Ashsong meowed defiantly.

It was the last thing she ever said.

Sorrelstar leaped at her, the flash of claws glinting in the moonlight. He tore his claws against her throat, blood bright red flying from his paws. Ashsong choked on her own blood, breath ragged while

Pinefur worked to save her. Sunfall raced up to her with cobwebs in her mouth. Silvertail helped bind it to the wound, apprentices watching in horror.

Flamestrike and Smokeshine confronted their leader.
"How could you, Sorrelstar?" Smokeshine rasped desperately. "She is an elder!"
Flamestrike added his two mousetails. "Warriors do not aim to kill in battle, and no cat should fight during a Gathering! Surely you know this!"

The tom's face twisted in rage. "You *dare* question your leader?!"
Smokeshine lifted her chin. "Yes. I dare."

Sorrelstar narrowed his eyes. "Well then." He said, seemingly coming to a decision. "I, Sorrelstar, leader of ThunderClan, hereby banish this cat. Smokeshine, you have until sunrise to leave the territory. If any of my cats see you on ThunderClan territory, they are to kill you." He swept his gaze over the shocked cats of his Clan. "Is that understood?"

"Sorrelstar..." Flamestrike trailed off. "You can't! She's our only medicine cat!"

The leader bared his teeth at his deputy. "Am I to understand that you wish to step down as deputy?"

There was a short pause, before Flamestrike sighed. "Yes, Sorrelstar."
The golden leader sat straighter. "Then I say these words before StarClan, so that they may hear an approve of my choice. The new deputy of ThunderClan will be Brackenstripe."

Another brief pause, before -
"Flamestrike, you will go join the elder's den." Sorrelstar scoffed without ceremony. Flamestrike looked up to his leader's face as though searching for the cat he knew.

"No, Sorrelstar." Flamestrike swallowed. "I will not join the ThunderClan elder's den. I have seen how you treat your elders."

He looked to Birdstar, the SkyClan leader. "I wish to join SkyClan, Birdstar. May I become one of your warriors?"

Birdstar hesitated before dipping her head. "SkyClan would welcome you, Flamestrike. And you, Smokeshine?"
The pale grey she-cat shook her head.
"I wish to join RiverClan, Birdstar. Rushfur and I are old friends. But thank you for the offer."

She looked to Dawnstar, who's tail twitched in amusement. "You do realise that if you join RiverClan, you must admit that Sunningrocks belongs to us?" She purred warmly. "You may join RiverClan. We would welcome a cat like you." Her gaze travelled to Rushfur. "And I'm sure Rushfur would too." An undercurrent of amusement played throughout her voice, plagued by worry at the critical injury of a respected elder.

Meanwhile, Shadesong stalked towards Ravenpaw. "This is all your fault!" She snarled at the dark grey she-cat. "A misty leafbare night, frost covering the ground, seeds of darkness flourishing in a leader - I should have known! You brought this upon us!"

Stormstar leaped down from the Great Rock, looking startled. "Shadesong, what are you talking about?"

The medicine cat whipped her head to face her leader, eyes brimming with hatred. "I received another omen." She revealed. "Ravenpaw has brought darkness to the Clans!"

She faced the young apprentice with fear-scent coming off her in waves.
"Ravenpaw is a *monster*."

Author's Note: Shadesong is very worried for her Clan, making her snappish and downright cruel to Ravenpaw. What she doesn't understand is that if you call a cat a monster too many times, a monster they may become...

Of course, she's got it all wrong. She took the 'leafbare mist' thing literally, and thinks that it was Ravenpaw's influence

that made Sorrelstar willing to kill another cat.

Ashsong isn't dead yet. Notice how Flamestrike said 'Warriors do not *aim to kill*'? However, it is questionable whether she will survive. When it was written 'it was the last thing she ever said', it meant than Sorrelstar ripped out Ashsong's vocal cords. If she *does* survive, she will be rendered mute.

ThunderClan don't have a medicine cat... whatever shall they do?!

Chapter 6

A dark silhouette outlined starkly against the moon, stalked silently towards a huddle of dark fur. The grey she-cat raised a paw, unsheathing claws tinged with green. She swiped it down through the icy air, bringing ever-sharp claws down towards the sleeping cat's neck-

-Ravenpaw awoke, and raked her claws through Shadesong's foreleg. Blood and fur flew, flesh parting, tendons snapping.

And, just for a moment, the outline of a silver-blue tabby tom stood beside her, eyes gleaming in the moonlight.

Previously.
She had been training with Coldmist, the StarClan tom teaching her the leap-and-twist.
"You must unsheathe your claws, Ravenpaw!" He urged. "How else will you learn to defend yourself?"

The dark grey she-cat hesitated, uncertain. "We are taught to keep our claws sheathed in WindClan."

"Really?" The tom mewed, baffled. "In RiverClan we were told to unsheathe our claws - and I know for a fact that the other Clans do the same. It's usual in mock battles."

He hesitated, looking awkward. "WindClan did train like that before you were born - perhaps they didn't want to train you to be strong."

Ravenpaw felt a flush of anger. The pent-up dam of her Clanmates' unjust behaviour had sat simmering for far too long. She'd been angry for moons, down inside, angry at her Clan, angry at the poison of Shadesong's prophecy, angry that her Clanmates didn't respect her. . . And now the terror of her dark future and her Clanmates' violence met the anger coming the other way and they mingled and flowed through Ravenpaw in a great red river of *rage!*

She was different. She'd always known that. But she was dangerous, too. She was strong. She was the whisper on the breeze, the shadow stalking towards its prey. She was mist, swirling into the heather fields.

The darkness touched Ravenpaw's heart, and she *embraced* it.

Ravenpaw awoke, and so did her inner darkness. She clawed at her prey, and lay back in her nest with blood-stained claws.

They thought she was a monster? Well, she would prove them right.